Lacrimosa

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Lacrimosa

by clehjett

Summary

A/B/O Digestivo AU.

AU where Will was pregnant after Hannibal turned himself in and he found out in prison.

What would he do then?

If Will had not pulled that knife. If they had got together to appropriately and properly earn Will's O face in the previous episode. If Hannibal was so potent, and Will so fertile that he got it in one.

(Shotgun Marriages have a whole new meaning with Hannibal as we all know. That lovesick fool...)

Notes

The Lacrimosa (Latin for "weeping", also a name that derives from Our Lady of Sorrows, a title given to Mary, mother of Jesus) is part of the Dies Irae sequence in the Roman Catholic Requiem Mass.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The last time Will saw him, he was trying his best not to cry. It didn't show, because he had hardened up to say his goodbyes. HE was tired. He simply could not deal with the intensity of Hannibal and his world anymore. Though he could not say that he regretted spending those nights with Hannibal, he simply could not keep himself alive anymore with all that Hannibal was. It would kill him. What did kill him, was in fact having to send him away. To know that he was so close to falling into the darkness, accepting it, after all that crap that happened at Muskrat Farm. Will had bitten and clawed his way to the land of the living, but it had cost him. He could see how when they were together, people got hurt or died, and he just could not be responsible for it. So, he pushed him away.

But Hannibal always had a way with plot twists and dramatic entrances. And he had turned himself in.

In that moment, knelt in the snow, when Will met Hannibal's eyes, his heart had stopped. The frown in his eyes spoke volumes of his weariness and attempted apathy, but Hannibal was not one to be told no. In that instant, Will knew Hannibal would not stop till he got what he wanted.

Italy was a mess: the entire trip was a disaster. First the heart valentine topiary, then Lithuania, and what the hell was he thinking with that man in Hannibal's basement? Will had not stopped to think, he had acted on instinct, and found it to be dark and manipulative. Exactly the way Hannibal had planned. He hated and reveled in it at the same time.

Then he had kissed him after he had smiled at him, talking of stars, alignment and conjoined twins. It was stupid, bordering on heat stupid. They had shared something physical, something pleasurable instead of harmful and for once, Will was happy. He felt Hannibal's 'love' for him, on his skin through his lips with his kisses, in his thrusts both soft and deep, then hard and fast. He let go and he could be free from the world for a moment, forget Jack, forget the ghost of Abigail – the last of the old Will Graham, and be free.

It had all been remarkably natural and easy, the speed at which Will felt himself open like a goddamn flower, and Alpha pheromones soothing his remaining anxiety. Hannibal had whispered words of love, comfort and beauty. Words of darkness, rapture and becoming. Will could not blame it on any heat, or rut or even intoxication. The push and pull that had been Hannibal and Will, he was tired of resisting.

And then Firenze cops had shown up, then he had nearly had his face taken off his head while he was still breathing, and it was a whirlwind of darkness and confusing moralities. How Hannibal could sit there and take the madness of Mason Verger, how Hannibal had given back the malice inflicted upon him tenfold. He had never seen his beast so thoroughly unleashed. He thought he knew, but he did not. He had glimpsed and danced with the devil but had labored under the impression he knew him. But he had only been spared his wrath by virtue of his place in the devil's heart.

What scared him most, was that he was not afraid of Hannibal's wrath, but that it turned him on. That he finally understood. He was afraid of what he saw of himself. It was…revealing to say the least. Will's 'holidays' had never been this eventful.

Now here he was, taking the stand with evidence against the Chesapeake Ripper. Across the room filled with the media circus of morbid bystanders, a jaded jury and the FBI, here Will could not avoid it. He told Jack this was the last thing he would ever do for him. He was done, forever. Still nursing his injured leg, Jack had nodded and solemnly agreed, though Will could predict in a few months or years' time there would be another killer that would be too much for Jack and his team and he would turn to the now mythic and infamous Will Graham; that had once been accused of the Ripper's crimes, now its expert and according to Tattle Crime, his lover. All of which were true, though the last he would dispute.

He studiously avoided looking in Hannibal's direction, though he glimpsed the ill-fitted suit he wore, no doubt government issued like the one he himself had worn at court. He could hear Hannibal complaining in his head; grumbling about the quality, the smell and the fit. He could almost scoff. But he did not want to meet his eyes, because he knew what he would see there.

Will. Will look at me. See me. My mirror, my equal. See me. Please. Come to me.

My Omega. The only one to my Alpha. Come to me.

He nearly missed a question from the prosecution, but he dutifully answered when asked about his stint in the clown prison, and his profile of Hannibal, which was met with more acceptance than the other profiles of other psychiatrists, taken as a tad unreliable now all of them were vehemently withdrawing their praise of their former mentor. The public also were surprisingly own Will's side, which might have something to do with Freddie's 'Murder Husbands' article. She even had caught an interview and Will had cringed when Price had told him about it. Jimmy had subtly been keeping Will up to date in his isolation, not intruding nor pushing. Will felt the gulf between him and the mortal realm more keenly than he did when he read about what the general public felt about this. He could only thank whatever twisted morality Freddie had for not revealing his address to the media.

He barely kept it together in the few weeks since that last goodbye. He hardly had an appetite, hardly slept and barely slept. Alana was preoccupied with her new Hannibal-bought baby and wife, Jack was busy wrapping everything up and gathering everything he had on Hannibal, not wanting to let errant evidence let his nemesis slip and had pushed the team into a standstill. Will was alone to wallow in his loneliness and misery. Suddenly the house was too much for him. The chair where Hannibal had sat by his bedside after carrying him through the snow, the lures he had used as evidence against him. The empty dog begs evidence to how his life had been turned upside down. The memories of those eyes, the taste of those lips, and the pleasure of their joining. He had already decided to move away, finding a place far away, and was in the very lethargic process of packing what little he had. He was always tired, even when he had received Jack's call about the trial date – all but rushed forward due to public interest and the FBI's keen interest in seeing this particular case closed.

Then as he was released from the little wooden pen, he unintentionally lifted his eyes to find Hannibal's on his. He knew without asking that Hannibal had his eyes on him since he walked in, and now he could see the barely restrained smugness, slight awe and to the unknowing eye, the slight smile – to see Will again. Will nearly collapsed then, his knees feeling so weak he nearly collided with the gate had the bailiff not opened it for him, and he walked past the desk of the defendant and walked straight out of the room, and out the door, down the steps of the courthouse, and got into his car and went straight home.

Will.

He looked well; despite evidence to the contrary – the purple under his eyes, the barely kept beard, and his messy baggy clothes. Hannibal had leaned unto his lawyer, a subtle shift in his body to tilt his head closer to Will's passing body. He was leaving. He knew that Will would leave after this, and he wanted one last memory. Hannibal took a deep inhale and drew Will into himself. Ah. That scent, the horrific aftershave – almost as if he had worn it on purpose just to annoy him. Hannibal let himself indulge in a slight smile, not too obvious so as not to entirely derail his lawyer's 'insanity' plea. But there was something off about Will's scent. There was the usual sickness – stress always wrought havoc on Will's system, something that Hannibal had slowly been toughening up bit by bit these few years. But it was different kind of illness. Hannibal mulled it over, stepping on elegant tiles through his library in his memory palace; neatly and sharply dressed in his mind, to investigate the smells. Rifling through his files he carefully searched for this scent and if he had ever come across it in his experience.

There it was – Hannibal pulled down the file to the appropriate smell: increased estrogen and progesterone.

Hannibal’s eyes snapped open to his pristine cell – Will was pregnant.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

What to do with the drunken fisherman?

Someone needs to take Will's whiskey stash away from him before he kills his liver and it is not tasty anymore. And also the baby. Will, you do not want your baby to have FAS. You of all people has a risk of that.

Chapter Notes

I couldn't sleep last night after posting the last chapter. Annoyingly, my best work always comes when i'm trying to sleep. the words just flowed outta me and thankfully i wrote it down and forced myself to sleep.

Thanks for all the kind comments. I really enjoy writing when there's such nice reception. And this is particularly enjoyable anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal's wolfish smile set Alana on edge. Hannibal never smiled. Not truly. It was always carefully tailored, like his suits and his house and office. Always carefully trimmed to suit his purposes. But this – this was pure predatory satisfaction. Alana had never seen him smile like this before. Baring all his fangs.

"Penny for your thoughts, Hannibal?" Alana whispered. It was only polite since this isolated portion of her kingdom housed such a dangerously elegant man. Hannibal's smile seemed to widen before he composed himself to a slight grin. Still, it was a smile and it still showed. Alana knew he could control his emotions down to the minutest details, but yet it seemed he could not help himself. Alana was almost afraid of what could put Hannibal in such good humour, especially since it seemed that his sentence was going to be passed anyway. They had reached a carefully cold détente between them. Alana established the rules, and Hannibal complied. For which, she was only relieved that at least her watch could be somewhat easier and marginally pleasant. She only hoped it would last. Hannibal turned himself in with nary a complaint and Alana knew he could would only do that if he could get himself out again. Nobody could force Hannibal into an uncomfortable position, except Will Graham, and he had not even tried. He had let him walk. Only to have the good doctor waltz into custody like a lost child.

Domestic bliss suited Alana Bloom. Especially bliss bought with the cold certainty of capitalism and murder. The capable Dr Bloom had streamlined the process of building Hannibal his custom glass cage and had pulled strings to be his jailor. He taught her well indeed; the only way to truly be safe from the devil was to hold the keys to his prison. And with the Verger inheritance, she had streamlined the process of her child as well, having it

developed with the genes of both Mason and Margot - triple gene parenting was unusual, but nothing that money could not buy. Hannibal supposed it had something to do with loopholes in the male heir that was to inherit the Verger wealth, and thus the rush. Alana was far enough along that Hannibal found himself examining the evidence of their scheming together. Usually, Hannibal would not be so banal as to be interested in something as pedestrian as a baby bump, but Hannibal's mind flickered to Will at the trial, to his frumpy clothes and how they hid his growing bump as well. He probably dismissed his added weight as unhealthy paunch from lack of activity and excess drinking.

"How has Will been, Alana? Or has the work-life balance been a heavy burden for you?" Hannibal politely asked. Not nearly insinuating she was incapable of juggling all of her responsibilities but prodding her in the direction of Will.

"I hear he's doing alright. You saw him at the trial. He said his piece and he's washed his hands of anything to do with you and this life." Alana coolly replied.

Hannibal's head bowed as if in thought. "He seemed unwell. That is to say, I hope you would have noticed. You and Jack hardly keep up to date with his health…" a snide remark to the past when Will had slipped into encephalitis without their noticing. Alana merely rearranged her polite smile.

"Yes. But I imagine that would be understandable considering the circumstances. He hardly wanted to be reminded of you."

Hannibal smiled at his former mentee. He truly enjoyed her. And it was quite entertaining to converse freely without the need of pretences and false faces. Now the falseness lay in the machinations he had to subtly put into place if he was to maintain his power. "Will has transformed underneath your very nose, Alana. As have yourself. There is very little that could shake our Will now."

Alana kept her face stoic. What other reason would Will have to be stressed about now? He had all but announced his impending departure. He was leaving this life behind. What could possibly be ailing him now? Alana's hand unconsciously moved to her small belly, a gesture that was new to her as it was comforting and followed Hannibal's eyes to her hand. Her mouth fell open slightly and she held in her gasp. She could not let weakness be shown here, not in front of this audience.

"You think, Will is pregnant?" Alana's brow furrowed. Hannibal's smile widened and only confirmed it. "How could you possibly know that?"

"I have a keen nose, Alana. How else did you think I thought to remove the bullets from your gun that night? I hardly would be so rude as to dig through your purse." Alana cringed slightly.

"Will has not mentioned anything."

Hannibal nodded, as if they were discussing a case. "Yes, he wouldn't… Or…" Hannibal paused for effect. "He himself does not know."

Alana could barely contain her unease. She frowned at Hannibal. While she could not trust his words that easily, it was no secret Hannibal was perceptive as a psychic, and skilled. He would not lie about something so important and dear to him as Will. And it also politely answered her question that started the conversation. What had Hannibal been so pleased about. This was nothing Alana had foreseen. Her heart rate thudded steadily faster. Her instinctual reaction was that Will was in grave danger. But she herself had built this prison. She would not let hubris be their downfall. It was not just Will's life at stake anymore. It was theirs: hers, Margot's and their unborn child.

Hannibal smiled as he watched Alana's emotions unfurl across her forehead. He genially continued discussing it like they were talking of the weather, "Are we reporting this to dear old Uncle Jack then?" Hannibal almost laughed. "Or are we leaving the good old FBI to discover this themselves?"

"Whatever it is, truth or otherwise, is none of Jack's business anymore. Will has the right to know but he also has the right to his privacy."

Hannibal's lips widened, showing Alana his teeth again. "You're hoping Will disappears. Along with the last of my humanity."

Alana allowed herself a smile then. "Separate the lock from the key, so to speak."

Hannibal let the moment sit between them. Clever girl. "You have always been a bright student, Alana. Yes, you are quite right. Will is the key." He watched as Alana's mind raced to Will again. he could almost see her planning and scheming. He was counting on that. Hannibal was betting on Alana's compassion for Will's happiness – to let him go and disappear with his child, to let him have the chance to start anew on a clean slate – and leave him open for Hannibal to reclaim again.

Will supposed of all the visitors he would receive; Alana Bloom was hardly surprising. He was in the midst of shifting all the things he would not need to donate and contemplating smashing his pots and pans because of the reminder but decided against venting his anger at innocent inanimate objects. Alana looked good, she glowed in fact. Dressed in smart business attire, with the slight feminine touch that was her signature trademark, but fashionably altered to accommodate her belly. Alana was already quite pregnant, and it was obvious through her clothes. Although someone as slender and soft as Alana, any weight she gained would be obvious anyway. Will let her in, and saw Alana looking over his house, patting the stacked dog beds melancholically, and sat on the edge of his sofa. Will knew then that the anxiety he sensed in her was not just due to her prisoner, but for him as well. He sighed. What now?

"How have you been, Will?" the same old pleasantries.

"The same. Tired, sick, not very happy." Will replied, folding sheets and packing them away. He put his hands on his hips then, turning to face Alana, who could not even bear to make herself comfortable in his home. "Why are you here, Alana?" there was almost no reason for her to visit anymore, nothing a call or text could not do, besides checking on his wellbeing

and his notorious lack of personal upkeep. But Will could see it was not that that had Alana driving out of Baltimore to see him in the sticks. Something was wrong, and it set him on edge.

Alana sighed. “Have you been experiencing any nausea or sickness lately?” she decided to come right out with it.

Will frowned, that was not what he was expecting. “No more than usual.”

“You haven’t had those symptoms since you were discharged, Will. Have they been more frequent lately?” Will smelt her beta pheromones rising, an attempt to calm, an attempt to soothe, and it only stoked his anxiety.

“This hasn’t been a really good time for me, Alana. I just want to leave all this behind.” Will swept a hand across the detritus of his home.

Alana stood. “I know. I know, but I need to know…. Have you been having any symptoms, morning sickness or fatigue beyond the usual?”

“Morning sickness, what…?” Will blanched. Will’s mind snapped into place, and suddenly he could see it all clearly. He gasped and backed away. He turned away from Alana and grasped his nightstand, closing his eyes.

No… It can’t be… No!

The signs that he had thought were his usual anxiety, the sickness that he had not had in months, suddenly returning after Hannibal had been imprisoned. After they had… he had thought it was not unusual, but really it was. Ever since he had his encephalitis treated, and had his guts almost removed, Will had been the pink of health. Hannibal’s ‘therapy’ had worked, ironically, and he was no longer unstable. But now….

It all made sense.

Alana frowned in concerned. “Will…” she did not want to agitate him with her touch, so she sent as much calm out as possible through her scent.

Will barked out a bitter peal of laughter. Shaking his head, he collapsed into a chair – the chair Hannibal had sat in, that he had been avoiding – and covered his head in his hands.

“Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

OH SHIT

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will is left with the horror of the latest revelation

Alana is busy with a mini crisis of her own

Hannibal is a happy little shit

What's new?

Chapter Notes

This work has entirely consumed me. I have never updated this quickly before for any of my other works except maybe my first one....

Still not sure what's going to happen next but i'll keep you posted

Thanks for reading anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will was crashing and burning. After Alana had left, he had collapsed in a heap and clutched his abdomen like there was something prodding him from the inside. He imagined a claw ripping him from the inside, right at the seams of the scar Hannibal had conveniently left for him, and a tiny hand grasping at his belly trying to crawl out. The memory of his old injury supplied enough horror and terror for him to feel the pain and scream in agony. He pressed

his hands to his eyes as tears streamed down his cheeks and gasped in pain. Panting with fear he grasped at himself.

"*Oh my god*..." Will cried to himself, face clutched in his hands, tears escaping. He was huddled in a corner like a trapped animal. He reminded himself of his strays, often those that had been abused – huddled in the corner shivering like a leaf, afraid of the hand extended to them because it feared it might be the same hand that hurt it.

Will knocked his head backward, bashing his head repeatedly against the wood of the kitchen cabinet. He punched a weak fist into his abdomen, almost like he could purge this spawn growing in him if he hit hard enough. But no, human life was a lot tougher than that and was built to withstand more than a weak-hearted attempt at killing it.

"No… No…" Will cried, bashing his head again and again. He grabbed at his stomach, diggings his nails into the skin. It seemed appalling to him that he was pregnant. He couldn't be. He shouldn't.

I'm carrying Hannibal Lecter's child. I'm pregnant with the Chesapeake Ripper's child!

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

Will tried his best to breathe. Digging up some breathing exercises he remembered hearing before. But nothing seemed to calm him. He kept palming at his teary eyes, his middle feeling so heavy and leaden. For a second, he entertained the thought of going to the BSCHI, seeing Hannibal. Knowing that he would be accepted back with open arms, and knowing that Hannibal would speak words of comfort and encouragement – filling his head with plans for a future for the both of them, a future where he would carry this child for them while Hannibal no doubt would plot his escape, or worse yet, involve Will in it. Will forcibly shook the thought from his mind immediately.

He would never let Hannibal have him. Not then, not now, not ever. And he would *not* let Hannibal have this child.

He wanted to beat it out of himself, but again he felt like he was a monster for wanting to kill this innocent life inside him, when it was no more than a couple of cells trying to grow and live. He did not even give it a chance.

But then, he had taken a chance on its father. He had opened his heart and his mind to a monster, and now he was a monster too.

"No, no, no...."

Will picked up the fat envelope beside him, dropped and momentarily forgotten in his panic and breakdown. Alana had given this to him.

"I don't want your money, Alana." Will said instantly after catching sight of the thick stack of bills in a plain envelope.

“It’s not money, it’s a way out. Call it renumeration – for not believing you then, for leaving you to Hannibal, for Muskrat Farm. Whatever. Call it what you will. Just take it. And just promise me you’ll take care of yourself.”

The words ‘for once’ hung in the air, and Will looked down at the stack of paper again. He reached out, and weakly took hold of it. Only when she was sure Will had it firmly in his hand did Alana let go. She did not congratulate him – she was better than that, and Will appreciated it. How far they had come from unrequited crushes and awkward kisses. Alana turned to leave and stopped at the door where Will had walked her out, his mind reeling.

She turned to him then, eyes blank, “And if you do decide to keep it, I’ll be here to help. As someone also carrying cargo…” Alana gave a small sniff. “I know what it’s like.” Will was too numb to acknowledge her attempt at levity. “Just remember that it won’t be about you anymore. It’s all or nothing then. And you’d better take care of both of you.”

Will tried to smile back but it came back a grimace. Alana gave a pitying smile. “At least from now till you decide, please at least take care of yourself.” Turning back to him and rubbing his stiff arm. And then she was gone. Will was alone. But this time, he was not really alone.

Alana wanted to ignore Hannibal instead of gloat, to tell him that Will was well and truly lost to him, but she could not predict him so decided to play it safe. She threw herself into beefing up security around the isolated cage. Now with valid reason to add safety measures, she decided to pour over the blueprints, security measures and spent money on a security consultant. She screened every orderly, doctor and nurse. Inspecting every credential and every resume. She would not allow another Matthew Brown in this hospital, nor allow Hannibal to make his way out of the hospital the way Abel Gideon did. She was tempted to inform Jack of the danger to Will – knowing that Hannibal had friends not just in the light, but in the dark – if Randall Tier and Tobias Budge were any indication of the reach of Hannibal’s influence. In the end, she wanted to allow Will some time to consider his options, knowing that he would not want her help, she only hoped that he was at least helping himself. She did not know how to help him beyond the physical, she did not know if she were carrying Hannibal’s child, as she once might have considered once upon a time, knowing what they knew now, whether she would keep it. She only had this child because of her new life with Margot, not being one for settling down until she had met her.

So, she visited Hannibal once a day, always monitoring his ins and outs and assuring the FBI that she had everything checked.

Will was a wreck. When he did sleep, it was plagued with nightmares on a more personal level than he had ever felt before. He was a groggy mess that rarely ate, and if his dogs were here, they would be whining at him. The only reason to get up and go about his day was because of his duty to feeding and walking the dogs. Now he was alone, he had none – now even less of a reason to take care of himself. Despite his promise to Alana, he just could not deal, nor did he have an appetite.

He did not even realize he had poured himself a second cup of whiskey when he found his hands around the tumbler. Suddenly he realized he should not be drinking, for both himself and his child. But what should he care about this child that he already hated, hated for his own sins. It was his fault not this baby….

In a moment of searing of hate, he lifted the cup and smashed on the counter; glass and liquid scattering everywhere and unto the floor of his kitchen counter. Tears splashed unto his cheeks and blinded him. Backing away and sliding unto the ground next to the mess and let himself black out.

Will dreamt about Hannibal. The tender moments blending with the horror. He dreamt Hannibal was pushing him into the bed. His arms and legs were inert and useless, spread wide for him to take. He dreamt Hannibal's hands were digging into his hips, teeth digging into his flesh, and his cock plunging into him, pouring bout after bout of seed. Will screamed at him to stop, but all Hannibal did was kiss him and whisper to him. *My Omega, my other half, my own. Mine.* And Will screamed and yelled until blood bled from his entrance, and he screamed himself awake on the kitchen floor, in a puddle of sweat and whiskey. For a moment he thought he saw a dark humanoid shape at his window but stupidly, he decided to ignore it.

Will pawed at the floor until he reached the whiskey bottle half empty on the counter. Fuck it. Will tossed his head back and chugged as hard as he could until he was dizzy and disoriented. Fuck Hannibal (not literally, not anymore). Fuck himself and his stupid instincts and dark side and what not. Fuck all the psychopaths out there that seemed fixated on fucking him literally and metaphorically. Fuck Alana (though Will felt guilty about that). And he chugged and chugged until he felt well and truly sick. Whiskey was not meant to be chugged. But Will was determined to get absolutely shit faced as the kids would say. He wanted to get off the floor, he wanted to get his face at least cleaned up because he could feel how crusty it was from crying. But he did not have the strength or the will to get up. And he definitely did not want to get into bed after that dream. So, he curled up next to the broken pieces of glass reflecting shattered versions of himself back at him and cried himself to sleep again.

By the time Alana felt it was appropriate to visit Will again, it had been at least 2 days. Hannibal had been smug as a bastard every time she went to see him. And she itched at wanting to chip her nail polish on his arrogant face. Even imprisoned, he still held power over her. Alana trudged up the steps to the eerily quiet house that was Will's, which was not unusual, but she would have expected Will to be well and truly packed by now. Instead, peering in his window when he did not answer, she was stunned to find Will sprawled out on the floor like a drug addict. Alana's heart stopped for a second, fearing that Will had done something drastic, and panicked. Calling one of Margot's shady looking guys - her first thought was that a locksmith or Jack would not get here on time – it proved to be the right choice. The man, did not ask any questions, suspiciously easily unlocked Will's door, and stood aside to await further instructions. Alana felt ill at ease at that but was grateful for once for the Verger efficiency at getting things done.

"Will!" Alana hurried over to the limp form of her friend. Pressing her fingers to his neck and hovering a hand over his mouth, she breathed a sigh of relief at finding his pulse slow but

there and his breath shallow. She called the silent man over to shift Will to his bed, still in the living room for all the forest to see, and then told him to step outside. Gathering a washcloth and some painkillers and water, she set about washing the mess of Will's face and upper body. Once upon a time, Alana might have considered this romantic, and as it was Will's body was still something to look at. But all Alana felt was pity and sorrow. She pitied Will his depression at this, but also anger that he had broken his promise without even trying. She sighed as she tidied up the mess in his kitchen. And sat by his bedside to wipe at his face.

At some point Will regained consciousness and was groggily muttering to himself. After setting Will on the bed, to which he flopped on his belly, he sighed.

"I miss Bev…"

Alan rolled her eyes. Unable to avoid the pang of hurt at being ignored despite her efforts. Probably it was Beverly in the past that had cleaned up a drunk Will in the past and here he was thinking it was her. "Yes, I miss her too, Will…" Alana shook her head as she stroked through Will's tangled hair.

Will's eyes fluttered open, and his eyes seemed to search the room. "Beverly… Beverly… Bev… That's a good name for a girl, huh?"

Alana started, blinking at Will. It probably was the alcohol talking, but Alana could not help but be surprised. She surmised it was Will's subconscious trying to reconcile the past with the present and his scary future. "Yes…" Alana sighed. "Yes, it is."

"Watcha gonna name your boy? It is a boy, right? Have to be. Or no money…" Will mumbled into the pillow, turning his head away from Alana and stretching.

Alana smiled. Will had enough awareness of mind to be lucid and questioning. She gently petted his head. "Not sure yet. We're still a good couple month away. What do you think, Will?"

Will grumbled, like he was disgruntled at the line of questioning. "MMMMM…. I don't know… William maybe? I can't think of any new name right now…"

Alana nearly laughed, rubbing at Will's shoulders. Will was a good friend. William was a good name; protector and conqueror. It would set a good precedent for a Verger heir. A fresh start, with echoes of the past. Something new and something borrowed. No more cruel men in her and Margot's lives. Just a good man. Like Will Graham – despite what he had been through he was still at heart a good man. Alana giggled. "Yes… That is a good name. It's your name, Will."

Will widened his eyes, wagging his floppy head back at Alana. "What? Really? Shit." Alana straightened the sheets and tucked Will into bed, making him swallow some pills before she stood up. "Is that why Hannibal keeps saying it to everyone? It's kinda annoying…."

Alana simply patted Will again. "Sleep well, Will. You promised to take care of yourself…"

With that in mind, Alana returned to the kitchen, and thoroughly rummaged through Will's cabinets, gathering all of his alcohol and handing it off to the silent man stood at the door, telling him to finish it off or dump it before she left Will to rest.

Alana really had to revaluate the confidentiality agreement. Because discussing Will's pregnancy to other nurses, then it passes on to guards then conniving red-headed journalists was not the way privacy was supposed to work. Tabloid journalists she should say. At least Alana could trace the route of the rumour and correctly fix it. Now that it was a security breach. Alana had to involve the FBI. If only for Will's protection, not that he would need it from Freddie Lounds, but from any rogue psychopath friends of Hannibal's out there.

As she walked into the isolated chamber of Hannibal's cell, she vaguely recalled Will's fragile state. Her eyes saddened at the thought of Will drinking himself into a stupor, and no doubt when he wakes up, he would be pissed at Alana for clearing out his alcohol. But if Alana could do this one thing to prevent him from getting alcohol poisoning, then so be it. Alana strolled past the wide double doors, each with a guard stationed by one, and sat on the chair in front of Hannibal. He had been bent over his metal table sketching non-stop ever since the news of Will's pregnancy was announced to Alana. She could already see his good mood showing, with the way he hid his small smiles and was more genial than usual with the nurses and orderlies. And when she went to see what he had drawn, all of them were of Will. Will by the fire, Will drinking, Will looking away, and one of them walking outside the Uffizi Gallery in Italy. The one Hannibal was working on now, seemed to be of Will lying in bed, face relaxed in sleep. It was eerily like the image of the real Will Alana had left to sleep off his hangover just a few hours before. Alana knew from experience that despite his deeds, Hannibal was a horrible romantic at heart – she might guess that that was a memory of Will on the night they had spent together before being rudely interrupted.

Hannibal sniffed, not looking up to acknowledge her arrival. "Hmm… Will has been naughty. Binging on whiskey is not good for his health or the baby…"

Alana merely sighed. How he could detect that from way over there was beyond her. "You can be reassured then, that Will is not going to be having anything to drink at least for the foreseeable future."

Hannibal gave her smile, dropping his soft pencil to give her his focus. "Thank you, Alana. That is very kind of you. It was the least you could do after not visiting Will in so long, after all."

Alana ignored the jibe and continued to glare at Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

[Me Tumbles]

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will finally starts running
Hannibal is scheming
Jack is a shit human
Alana is losing her shit quietly

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal supposed the only good thing about prison was the ample free time. He had plenty of time to think and plan and explore his memories. But he mostly thought about Will. It was easy to let his mind wander to fantasies where Will and their child were happy together, feasting on the rude and Hannibal indulging in Will's mind and body. He was always refreshing. But Hannibal could not afford the time, for more important things required his attentions, such as the chattering of the outside world just beyond his glass wall. Alana was busy as a bee, and it was not too difficult to know why. Hannibal's mood had her on edge, and he supposed he could always turn it down a little, but it was difficult when Hannibal's mind constantly flitted to images of a golden haired and blue eyed child, with the wild thick curls of a little southern boy that was its father. Hannibal imagined it might even remind him of Mischa. He hoped it would.

Hannibal's mind also wandered to his last moments with Will in Italy. He did not blame Will for regretting it; for he was discovering himself and what Hannibal meant to him. He had shown him his instincts and gotten him acquainted with his darker side, and now he had to find out how he felt about Hannibal. His obsessive and successful hunt for Hannibal was as

much a journey of self-discovery as it was the need for forgiveness and vengeance. In that singular moment when Hannibal had declared their alignment, they were close enough to touch, close enough to hear each other's breath, and Hannibal could see the little flecks of green in his blue eyes. They had kissed and Will had looked so overwhelmed, Hannibal knew he would never forget it. Nor would he forget how Will had felt beneath him, to consume him at last. How he felt inside him and to finally meld into him. It was exquisite how Will had sounded and grabbed at Hannibal like he was his last night on earth – which to both in the scheme of things – it probably was. Hannibal suspected that Will had allowed himself this because he was just as confused and altered as Hannibal was. He could never entirely predict him. It was unplanned and unexpected, as had Jack's entrance, and the Verger dogs. But everything about Will was unforgettable. Hannibal could easily get carried away, but alas, from what he had heard about Will, he was understandably not taking the pregnancy well.

Hannibal would be lying if he said he was not concerned, nor that he could easily be anxious. Alana's reaction to Will's breakdown was concerning at best but frightening at worst. Hannibal would need to accelerate his plans. This baby had tossed a new element into the game entirely unexpected and unprecedented. Hannibal had planned to wait until Will was driven back to him. But here, Will was all but running away. He had to act fast.

Alana did not know when it started, something that troubled her greatly since she was always watching her charge; but abruptly, Hannibal had stopped sketching and started folding paper cranes and other shapes out of paper he had neatly torn into shape. Day after day, he would fold cranes, hearts and other elaborate shapes that were sometimes familiar to Alana, probably from his many dinner parties. He would leave them on his dinner tray after finishing, or gift them to nurses and orderlies, to which Alana had then cautioned them to throw it away or refuse (as politely as possible). It amused Hannibal to no end that Alana was trying to penetrate his skull as much as he had tried with Will, quite unsuccessfully. Alana could never have understood him, or Will, as much as she sympathized and had the best of intentions, she like Jack were minor in the game. But perhaps, he could use her anxieties to his advantage.

Will wasn't thinking straight. This was a stupid idea. Again. but as plans went, it was hardly inappropriate considering one of the only people he considered his friends tried to have him locked up under the kindly auspices of suicide watch. Fucking Jack Crawford. Will gripped the leather wheel tighter and inched just a little bit naughtier than was legal. He had to get away. Away from it all. He should have done it earlier, but he was too busy wallowing in a fresh wave of self-pity from getting knocked up by his arch enemy/soul mate. Yes. Will would admit it, there would be no one that understood him and accepted him the way he did. But Will had paid for his indecisiveness in blood and guts. Now he wanted to rest. He wanted nothing to do with the madness anymore. He wanted a chance at normalcy.

Will could not blame Alana for caving to Jack under his anger of finding out Will was pregnant with Hannibal's child through the worst possible source (i.e. Tattlecrime.com). Will had woken up and went straight to empty out his stomach and then went to collapse in his bathroom. He had woken up to Jack banging his door down and people staring down at him, to which he was pretty sure they were EMTs.

“I’m not suicidal!” Will screamed, tumbling through his home while the ambulance service workers awkwardly stood at his living room trying not to overhear. Jack had stalked Will all around his house yelling at him.

“Will, we found you in the bathroom, passed out for god’s sake! What do you expect me to think?” Jack lifted his hands in exasperation. “And Alana tells me she found you inebriated and blacked out?”

Will just shook it off, trying to avoid Jack by going room to room, idly packing things. “it wasn’t my finest moment. I’m fine. I’m leaving.”

“Will…” Jack’s voice dropped. This had Will turning in cautious suspicion. There was a motive. There always was a motive. Will’s eyes narrowed.

“What.”

“Will. We need to get you to a safe location.” Jack went straight to the point. “That way we can keep an eye on you and keep you on observation.”

“You mean you want to lock me like Hannibal so he can’t get to any of us.” Will spit.

“Will.”

“You want to hold all the chips no matter who it is. Especially if it were me! Because you know why Hannibal surrendered to you. You just want to use me again!”

“Will!”

Will scoffed, turning angry. He had slammed his bedroom door, the original bedroom, and left Jack sighing beyond. Will was fuming. Why did everyone want to manhandle him? Jack wanted to keep him tucked away now that he had an additional leverage on Hannibal. Control Will, control Hannibal. Will was always a wild card for Jack, he could barely trust him when unstable, but now that he was dubiously stable – and clearly the reason Hannibal turned himself in – Jack could not afford to let Will out of his sight. Hence, Will slipping out of his window like a thief in the night. By the time Jack and the emergency workers heard the engine turning over and rushing to the door, Will was spinning away from his home and speeding away.

Will was actually surprised Jack had not caught up to him by now. Perhaps because he was a little preoccupied with trying to control all the elements to his advantage. The press had been hounding the FBI, outrage at the ‘dubious mean’ to which they had ensnared the Chesapeake Ripper (i.e. Will’s uterus – according to Freddie Lounds). That woman had no shame. At least she was pointing people away from Will and egging the FBI’s doorstep. Probably wanted a private interview with Will. Like hell it was going to happen.

Will turned his truck into a mid-tier motel, and checked in, making sure to keep his head down so as not to be recognised. This town was small, but he did not want to risk media coverage giving him away. He dumped his knapsack on the bed and fell into it. Fuck it all.

As expected, Will was running away. He had hit the road and Jack and Alana had lost track of him, if her now absent anxiety was any indication. Too busy trying to track him down perhaps. Hannibal folded another crane and perched it on the hole of his glass cell. It looked so innocent and unseemly in this room and Hannibal let slip a small smile. He could only hope that Will did not do anything rash as he was wanting to do. The boy was always unpredictable.

Sipping on diner coffee and waiting on a greasy breakfast was something normal and rational. Will had not travelled much as an adult – having most of his time and energy collecting strays and after his 'condition' came out, being coerced into profiling killers. But now, Will briefly entertained the thought of going on the road, just spending time alone, letting his mind stagnate until he rotted and maybe even going back home to Louisiana. Maybe find a girl to settle down with. But all that seemed impossible, not with Hannibal looming over his shoulder. Now that his spawn was within him, he would never let him go….

The last thing he expected or wanted was to find two smartly dressed burly men, sliding into the booth beside him – one next to him, trapping him against the wall, and the other in the booth opposite so he could not…climb over? Will's teaspoon clattered into the little dish and he sat up in alarm as the two men wordlessly eyed him. Will's expectations could not be subverted further until it did; when the clicking of heels on tiled floor, confident and focused closed in on him and the woman in question slid into the booth in front of him.

"Margot."

The Verger heiress, now richer than she ever was before, and free, stared Will down across a sticky table. It was quite a sight to see in this small town, as even most people that did not have Will's gift could probably have stay well clear of this extremely well dress woman and her two bodyguards. And what they might make of the scruffy omega man trapped between them. Will supposed that must have been why the waitress took her time approaching the table and quietly settling down his order, chuckling out a nervous "Enjoy" and then immediately turning away instead of sticking around to earn a tip. Will supposed, he should have been grateful for this if not for his caution of her visit.

"Will." She greeted. The blood red of her lips barely parting.

"What can I do for you today?"

"Oh, nothing much…" Margot breathed dismissively, head turning and eyes dropping in apathy, leaning back against the faded vinyl seat. "Its not so much for me that I found you, but Alana. She's beside herself with worry nowadays and its much easier this way."

Will scoffed. "If she wants me locked up like her new pet, she can forget it."

Margot tilted her chin in her version of rolling her eyes and met Will's glare. "*She* doesn't want you locked up. The FBI does. Now that the whole world knows what you're carrying,

they're pretty much going to treat you like the carrier of the plague. Alana just wants you safe."

"Is that why she told Jack Crawford to put me on suicide watch?"

Margot sniffed, "Ugh, that man is useless. Even when my brother was confined to a bed, he could undermine him…" Margot turned back to Will. "Alana doesn't work that way. We don't."

"Why would you even help me?"

Margot considered, quieting her judgements. Then she leaned forward, daintily letting her gloved hands rest on the table. "Maybe because I owe you." Will raised an eyebrow. This time Margot really rolled her eyes. "I didn't exactly ask your permission or kindly informed you when I borrowed your sperm…"

"Borrowed?" Will cried in disbelief.

"*Stole*, then." Margot replied. "And I do apologise formally. I'm trying to start 'afresh', as Alana likes to say. She's been encouraging me to do things my way…the way my brother wouldn't."

"Alana still likes fixing people…"

"Not always." Margot clipped. "Not everyone. Not since Doctor Lecter."

They both fell silent at the mention of the name and the memories of his machinations involving both of them. "I do suppose, technically, I could be owing Doctor Lecter a potential favour – for giving me my freedom and a child."

"Oh, so this is a favour for Hannibal now? Keeping an eye on his pregnant omega?"

"Pfft. No." Margot fanned her face in faux shame. "Just…doing the right thing."

"And when Hannibal comes knocking…" Will stared. "You could say you did him one."

Margot smiled. "Maybe I might be a little bit selfish."

Will laughed. "Just a bit."

Margot smiled at him. And suddenly the tension lifted. Suddenly Will noticed the two surly guards seated with them and the families dining around him in the middle of nowhere town. Margot seemed to snap out of their bubble as well, and pushed Will's now cooling plate of breakfast at him. "Eat up, momma. You're going to need it"

Will scowled. "I don't want to be reminded of why I'm out here in the first place…"

Chapter End Notes

So thank you guys for still being with me. Updates are still going to be irregular. I have a rough idea what this piece is gonna go but as always it’s all over the place

Kudo and subscribe 🤗

Me Tumbles

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

YAY for updates.

P.S. My Omegaverse is a wee different; notice how Will CAN impregnante despite being an omega
This is my first omegaverse fic and since its not real, i can do what i damn well please. And even if it was, I still think suspension of disbelief is good for that sort of thing

Anyway.

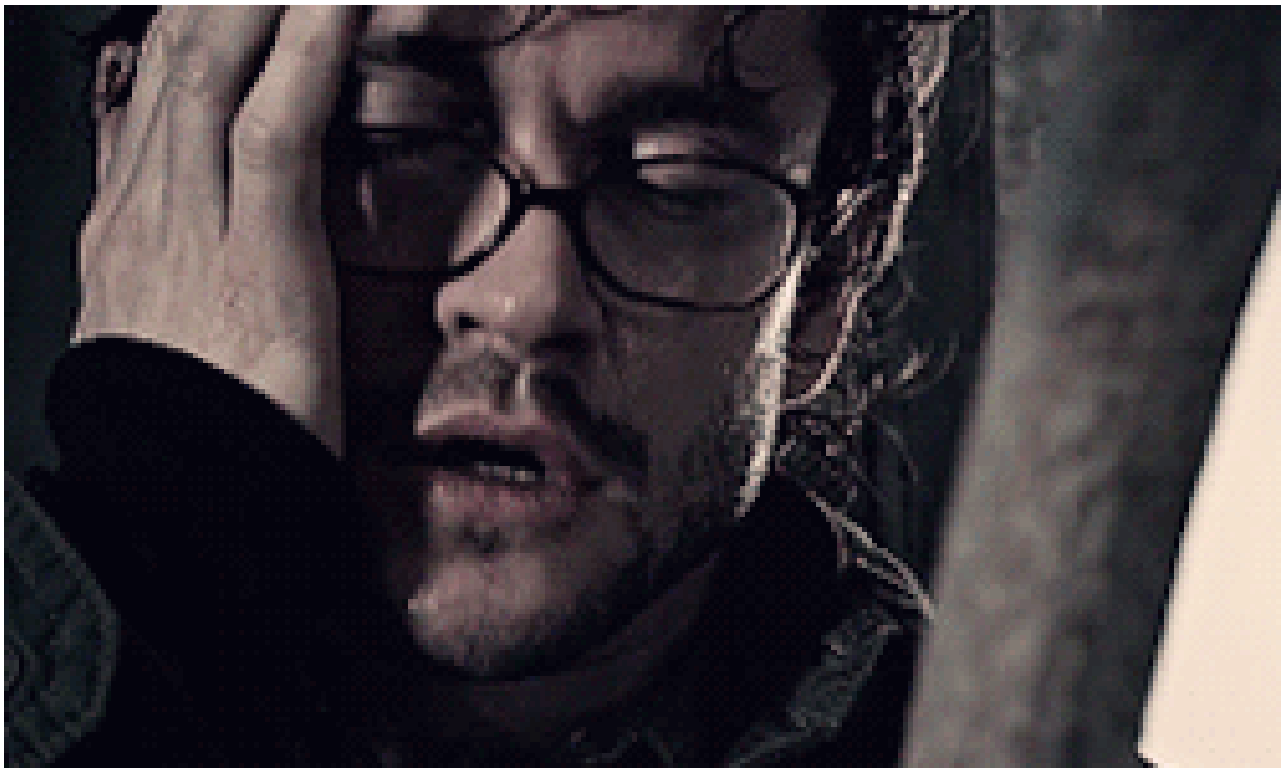
P.P.S. Any scientist out there who comes across the whole Alana pregnancy thing.... I'm a writer i dont science, i'm not sure if you can 'rush' a pregnancy and just go straight into the whole mid-stage of having a belly. BUT I JUST REALLY WANT it to. So please just bear with the scientific horrifying errors.
P. P. P. S. I spoke to a student geneticist who told me such a thing does exist but its not quite available yet. Thank fuck

And for everyone who comments; words cannot express how grateful and how happy it makes me, as far as it can with depression and all.

Also anybody out there uncomfortable with the mentions of abortion just skip it and if you're angry and wanna shout do it elsewhere. This is a fanfic

THANK YOU <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes



Will groaned and then moaned as the sour taste lingered. He wiped his tongue against the roof of his mouth and coughed. Soft hands held his hair from his eyes and lifted a bottle of water to his face. Will panted and grabbed the bottle, downing a bit gingerly to clear his mouth. “Ugh…” Will groaned. “This is the worst.”

“I can’t say it gets better…” Margot replied.

“You’re getting good at this.” Will sat back against the back tire of the SUV. His head was still spinning almost violently, so he shut his eyes.

“Practiced with Alana.” Margot sighed. “Might also have skipped a few of the early stages with a bit of scientific trickery…”

Will’s eyes blinked with tears and he wiped them away on a ratty sleeve. Sighing, he stood carefully, and thanked Margot. “I don’t think I can travel right now…”

Margot nodded, looking over the small town, watching the ordinary people go about their day. “Do you think you’ll keep it?”

Will swallowed, face scrunched. He tossed his head back again and sighed. “I don’t know… It’s still too early to get rid of it…”

Margot turned to look at Will, a frown pinching her face. It crossed her mind to be annoyed at Will for aborting a baby – a baby she would have worked so hard to get – but then reminded herself Will was not her. This baby was not hers, and Will did not want this baby. She sighed too, arms crossed, tucking her immaculate face into her dark furs of her coat.

“Maybe when its born, I could hide it from Doctor Lecter.”

“In one of those newly refurbished orphanages Mason used to play with?” Will sniffed.

Margot barked a laugh. Will sighed again. Rubbing at his temples trying to get the nausea and dizziness out of the way. But he could not seem to focus on one thing too long before it started to spin. It was getting bad. He did not know how pregnant people did it. How Alana could look so immaculate all day, while dealing with Hannibal too. He clutched at his abdomen gingerly, before remembering he was angry at it.

“Hannibal would never let that happen… He would want to be there when its born…” Will huffed. “Probably want to deliver it himself.”

Margot raised an eyebrow, wondering how on earth Will could know that but thought better than to ask. And it did sound like him, so it was not such an outrageous assumption. “What are you going to do then?”

Will smiled bitterly. “Still have no idea…” Will crumpled up the small plastic bottle of water in his hand.

Margot blinked. “Wait. If he wants to be there, then he has to….” Margot’s face clamped up in controlled fear.

Will sighed heavily, the nausea finally clearing but the sickness making him loose limbed and apathetic. “Yeah… He’ll be getting out. One way or another….”

“I find myself changing focus, with my next book.” Chilton smiled, self-satisfied, self-assured and entirely incompetent. It seemed that Hannibal was a magnet for visitors these days, and he was more than thrilled for the interruption in routine. Since the bombshell of the ‘news’ Hannibal had revealed, he was more than likely to be even more the centre of attention. Although, he did not quite tolerate this particular visitor, it was still a small pleasure to tease the simpering man.

“Is that so?” Hannibal feigned, arms behind his back in relaxed stance of mirth. “While you have barely published your current work?”

“Oh, it’s not so much a new book, more like a sequel.” Chilton smirked. He stepped to the side, in a saunter, almost like a peacock peacocking in front of his academic and criminal nemesis. When Chilton had heard the news, he had almost jumped from his seat, barely grasping his cane before he leaped into action. Will Graham had almost always been an interesting fellow; his mind of empathy to which Chilton was determined to understate, then his intimate and almost erotic relationship with Hannibal Lecter, and now his outright scandalous cargo. Frederick was not blind to the allure that was Will Graham, and he was not hard on the eyes or the ears. But this was a positive gold mine of opportunity. Not only was Will isolated, Hannibal was imprisoned and separated from him, and his incendiary circumstances of which he had become pregnant was a bestseller practically writing itself.

Hannibal seemed to harden under Chilton's gaze, displeasure showing in his eyes as he glared at Chilton with such heat that the tiny man had to gulp and loosen his collar. To dare to taunt Hannibal while he was bound and gagged was one thing but to threaten him with a targeted attack against his mate was something other. Chilton knew he had to thread carefully. Not only would he have to remain on Hannibal's 'good side' with his book of lies to pronounce him insane so as to bolster both his own reputation but also under the auspices of backing up his insanity plea – to defend Hannibal's 'honour' such as it was lacking. Chilton eyed Hannibal in his frumpy prison jumpsuit, feeling a pang of jealousy at the way this man had and still effortlessly outdoes him even in prison. As a beta, it was intrinsically bred into them to be jealous of alphas and omegas, being born the calm centre of two raging storms. Chilton could not help jealousy at Hannibal's virility, from what he had established of the timeline, Hannibal and Will had only been together that once in Italy during the dubbed 'Murder Husbands vacay', to which a lot of Freddie Lounds' readers were salivating over. Chilton had been in contact with Lounds and found that the public and her demographic were very much morbidly enamoured with the pair. All the greater of a reason to cash in on their popularity and the very real and relatable predicament of a victimised omega. There was something inherently perverse about the notion of virility that set anyone on edge, a primal need for domination or the allure of legacy. Something that Chilton was being made increasingly aware of how inadequate he was in this department as well.

"Ahem." Chilton cleared his throat, trying to earn back his bravado. "Of course, it's still a work in progress, but I was thinking a subtitle of 'Hole in One'…" Chilton hoped the joke was in good taste, not knowing it was not, to try and alleviate the sudden chill in the air. While caged, Hannibal was still an Alpha, not only that but also thoroughbred, at his prime and extremely dangerous.

After a dizzy spell, Will found himself with two escorts while Margot returned home. Part of Will wanted to ghost these two lackeys in favour of just driving off into the sunset. Something about being knocked up had Will thinking of ridiculous plans. It was a reasonable and logical idea to go with Margot and Alana – they had money, they had security. But how much of that factored into Mason Verger's safety in the end? Not that he was expecting Hannibal to show up with a hammer again – it was simply not his style. Hannibal would much rather get someone else to do the dirty work for him. Those days of dark seduction, Will did not think of fondly for various reasons, but he remembered manoeuvring a snare around Hannibal's neck, only to cut him free? Why was that? He could not bear to see him dead, nor could he kill him himself.

Damn.

The door to the motel clicked shut but the light flicked on. Will immediately started, but before he could respond, a solid object smashed into his back, slamming him into the door. Will's immediate response was to attempt to break free, but before he could a cloth soaked in bitter smelling liquid clamped over his nose and mouth, simultaneously suffocating and forcing him to breathe into it at the same time. Not backing down, Will bucked wildly but realised it was a slowly losing battle. The momentum of his resistance brought him and his attacker to the floor, and Will flailed, and gripped the strong male arm gripping his chest. His

thoughts blanked and he slowly loosened, all the while fearing the dark engulfing him. His assailant finally let him go then, resting his limp body on his chest. Will struggled to grasp a few more seconds of lucidity, and almost regretted it. Because before he lost consciousness, he swore he heard his attacker sniff at his neck.

God damn it, it's one of those assholes again…

Chapter End Notes

Hello everybody!

I have officially reached a brick wall with this.

You know how it is; know how you want your story to go...but its full of fucking holes!

I'm stuck.

Me Tumbles

I also apologise this chapter real short. I just don't know what to do with the last bit

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Will has been taken and meets a new player in the game.
Now, he is faced with some life choices

Chapter Notes

I always loved how coital sounding the script wrote Dolarhyde's assault of Will. But then, everything Bryan writes is so vaguely scandalously sexual it just tickles you anyway :D

This chapter has mentions of thoughts of abortion again, so please skip by it. Its right at the end.

Not sure how you felt at the end of the last chapter but I was feeling a bit excited. Will's always in danger poor thing! Especially in the third season. First two it was a sort of subtle danger that was not physical or direct until the end. Then third season WIll gets his hands dirty and he's all bloody.

Wee Bloody Will <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke to a splash of water on his face. He was propped up limply on a chair by the tv. There was a tall, burly man staring at him with a cleft lip. His dark eyes bore into Will and spoke volumes of the dark swirling mass within him. Will felt a sliver of fear in him before he recovered himself. Sitting up and staring back, he looked into the man.

Disfigured, abused as a child, a man who was treated as lesser and strove to be otherwise. Identity issues. Self-image conflicts. A beta who wants to be an alpha. Killer. Not a new one.

The man seemed to sway from side to side, like a snake observing its prey. He seemed transfixed on Will and sniffed more subtly than he did before. Will sensed his confusion at Will but also how easily this man seemed to obsess at details. This was a man with a very particular purpose and pathology. He transfixed on an idea and would bend reality to it. Will would have to tread carefully with him and let him have the first word.

“Your face…” The man whispered. The lisp slithering from his lips. “…is closed to me.”

“If I can see you, you can see me.” Will assured him.

The man remained silent as he processed Will. His intense stare was unnerving. Will knew despite the lack of restraints; he was in no shape to overpower this man. He was 6 feet of pure muscle and controlled homicidal rage. If no one knew his name now, they would soon, and Will did not want to be his first public victim.

“You are the mate…” he began.

Will groaned. Why was everything about Hannibal and him? Another one of his fans. Of course.

“You’re looking in the wrong corner.” Will straightened up slightly. “If you want Hannibal, you should speak to him yourself. He’s not my mate.”

The man’s marred lip curved. “He shared with you. He clothed you in flames of the sun and you emerged victorious on the other side. He has killed for you and he has caged the beast for you.”

The way the man worded it, it made it seem like Hannibal was in love with him. Will’s heart sparked at the thought but refused it. What they had was dark, possessive and unhealthy. It consumed them both until they very nearly died. Although they had shared with each other, melded together, Will had tore himself from the fabric for a chance at normalcy, only to be pulled back in by a foetus of unborn potential. But Will would never let Hannibal in again, not even by proxy of this feral man. This man clearly admired Hannibal. Worshipped him. He seemed to desire some sort of connection. He wanted something from him that he did not understand, only knew the power he had was something that could make himself greater. His identity problems clearly made it seem like an omega was something desirable, but his beta status was inferior to that of a pure killer alpha of Hannibal.

Will shook his head wearily, eyes scrunched up as a pounding headache from the chloroform overtook him. The man leant further forward, as if trying to see into Will’s soul. To him, it seemed like Will shone with a hue of gold, bright with life given to him, and yet seemed to reject. Hannibal Lecter had chosen this man for a reason. He had caged himself for a reason. Was it to prevent him from devouring them both, mother and child? For what purpose and reason was Will Graham so magnificent?

A harsh rapping of knuckles on the door startled them both out of their reverie. The man straightened up, eyes darting to the door with murderous intent. Will’s breath quickened with fear for the man at the door and raced to think up of something. Whoever was at the door was going to die. The man stalked to the door in two large strides, and quick as lightning, yanked the man knocking into the room, crashing him down to the floor at Will’s feet. The poor man, one of Margot’s lackeys barely had time to scream before Will’s attacker reach down and snapped his neck. He snarled like feral beast, eyes wild and ferocious staring up at Will as if to say: “See me. See how I conquer and devour?”

A shout pierced the silent tension and the other Verger man pounced on him, not knowing the raw beast-like strength of the man. The man roared, an inhuman cry of rage and animalistic fury, throwing the man off his back and into the doorway. The street beyond was empty and Will scrambled for anything to defend himself. The feral man grabbed the bodyguard by his lapels and tugged him to his feet, snarling into his face. Quickly reaching out and grabbing the motel kitchenware – a blunt and short kitchen knife, but better than nothing – Will drove it into the man’s shoulder. It barely phased him as he whipped back around to face Will, pausing as if to size him up. Will’s eyes were wide with fear, but he was not going down without a fight. Just as the man seemed about to grab at him, a swift sound that Will recognised as a silenced bullet whistled, accompanied by the sickening sound of bone being pierced. The jostling movements of the two men tussling had saved Will’s attacker from a

sniper's bullet, quite unfortunately for the Verger man. He grunted and crumpled to the floor by his friend. It startled both Will and the feral man, and they both dove for cover. The man risked another bullet grazing his ear to hide behind Will's car, while Will pressed his back to the doorway. Panting hard, he risked a look in the direction of the sniper, catching only a glint of the shiny scope. His attacker apparently was spooked by this strange turn of events, outgunned, he dashed behind the building and disappeared. His heavy pounding footsteps fading away, leaving Will shaking and confused. He waited for his 'saviour' to come, but no one did, that is till the sounds of sirens of the local police came and found him sitting beside a pool of blood.

Having been assaulted, nearly killed and then shot at, someone deemed it fit to put an orange shock blanket around him. After an initial round of questions, an EMT asked if Will had any conditions or medical issues. To which Will told him he was pregnant with a wince. All of a sudden, he was too delicate to question, much to his annoyance. Will straightened up, gritting his teeth in defiance and delivered his statement to the officer whilst brandishing his outdated FBI badge. It tired him considerably to have to take these extra steps to be taken seriously, but at least it got him the attention he needed to get the job done. Immediately refusing the offer to be delivered and examined at the hospital, Will climbed into his car, ignoring the looks of the crowd that had assembled and dialled Alana. She at least had to know that Margot's people were killed. As expected, Alana was frantic. Will sighed.

"Will, you have to come in. We have to call Jack."

"No!" Will recoiled. "I am not going to be kept in a room and watched by FBI."

"Will."

"No."

"Will, a man attacked you!" Alana's crackly voice was breathless with fear, and Will could hear her pacing her office in the BSCHI. "This is exactly what I was afraid of… We need to get you safe."

"No. I just need to get further away and hide. Alana, please I can't go back. Especially not to Jack." Will spluttered a breath and ran a hand through his hair. "They'll just use me to control Hannibal, and I don't want to be used again. I can't deal with all that. Not right now… I just need…. I need time. I can't deal right now…"

Alana clattered to a halt. Will heard her sigh, and then pause for a moment. Will could feel her heart wrenching for Will and his situation, remembering how much of an ordeal he had to deal with. was and now, to add insult to injury, one of Hannibal's 'fans' had turned up. Will hoped to win Alana over with sympathy. A small part of his brain that sounded like Hannibal smirked at his deceptiveness. He reasoned that it was not wholly false.

Will looked out over the chaos outside his car. The police tape was being watched over by two very young officers, and the emergency services workers were still giving him looks of concerns. They probably assumed he was calling his 'mate'. Will scanned the crowd. Hoping and yet dreading seeing his attacker's face watching him from the bodies of bystanders, or even whomever had shot at them. The shooter clearly had not meant to kill the Verger men.

Whomever had done that did not mean Will harm, but was protecting him, oddly enough. Will was grateful but also tense. All this chaos and all the stress was making him light-headed and queasy. Just when he thought nothing could make him 'nope' out of his life at the moment, more madness was thrown his way.

Finally, he heard Alana's breath sigh again. He could tell she was not going to let him go free and was ready to put on the waterworks if need be. He waited with bated breath as Alana gathered herself.

"Will, I understand your situation, but I can't in good conscious let you off without any security. Would you come to our estate? Its not Muskrat Farm, and yes, I know you don't like being confined, but it would at least ease my mind if you could have our security team around you…. Please, Will."

Will paused in thought and wondered if that was really enough to stop him from being in danger from any kind of psychopath out there interested in whomever was carrying the spawn of Satan, and he gave a long-suffering sigh.

"Just for a while… Just till I can get myself sorted and decide what to do with…. this." Will gestured to himself. Alana's sigh of relief blew against his ear and she gave Will directions to her mansion in Baltimore and made him promise to drive safely and straight to it. Will started up the car and slowly pulled away ignoring the eyes on him he knew would not be the last he would see of.

Will did not like the Verger estate Margot and Alana were living in. It had all the hallmarks of a rich man like Mason and his ego all over the walls. It also vaguely reminded him of Hannibal's house though this was much larger and less gaudy. It was one of those sprawling gated estates with men in black idly walking over the trimmed lawns. It was built to seem intimidating but also overstate wealth – though in Margot's case it probably was not. She was in fact, singularly wealthy now. For their part the pair had taken down some of the more lavish decorations and it was a more homely version of a mansion. If Mason had lived here, there probably would be sheds full of his play pigs. But the grounds instead had sprawling lawns, bushes of roses and a small lake. Everything ordinary, as ordinary as a wealthy person would have in their home. Will could see the touches of where Alana's influence was. The simple decorations; picture frames of their many dates. Small to large paintings of famous places, landscapes but nothing so provoking as those that Will had seen in Hannibal's house. The red brick walls were plain in comparison to what it could be and there was a plain white gazebo that reminded Will of his childhood in the South. A little furry body barked and dashed to Will, surprising a laugh out of him, having forgotten all about Alana's stray, Applesauce. It warmed him just a bit to see a furry friend in such an unfamiliar place. His thoughts roamed to his to his dogs with guilt, to which Alana informed him she had put them in a temporary place since she could not care for all of them at once. She even offered to let Will keep Winston for the duration of his stay here, but Will declined. Not wanting to be more comfortable in a place he was not going to remain in for long.

Will insisted his presence be as quiet as possible and was given the 'smallest' room on the family floor. Not quite so far from the Margot and Alana but close enough that someone

could run and help him. Alana was trying her best to make Will as comfortable as possible and disguised her concern with lighthearted talk. Margot seemed predictably less upset about the loss of two of her retinue and waved away Will's apology. Alana wanted to go speak with the chief of security, but Margot insisted Alana stay and relax. Will excused himself before it turned into a conversation between pregnant mothers and hid himself in his room.

With a heavy sigh, he collapsed into the bed and laid a hand on his belly. Will was conscious enough to note it was becoming a habit and wondered if it would be a bad thing to form an attachment to this foetus he probably did not want to keep. Guilt crept up on him again and he turned over, covering his eyes as tears began to form. His thoughts turned to Hannibal and wondered what life could have been despite his best efforts knowing wondering would do nothing but hurt him. He thought of his childhood and his fathers' difficulties raising him alone. He had hoped in the rare moments he thought of starting a family, and they were precious few, that he would be a good father and be better than his own. Not that his father was a bad one, he just had hoped to provide a better life for his potential family. A good wife or husband to complete the family unit, a stable house and income…the works. But life had never been kind to Will. It had in fact been unfairly cruel to him most of the time. Even the one thing in his life that had changed him so irreparably – the one that was supposed to be trusted and care for him had cruelly imprisoned him and hurt him countless times.

If he even kept this baby. He would be alone. Father to a child of a half-broken home. A child whose sire was the worst serial killer in recent history. Will wondered if it was better not to have it at all. Would it be better then to have the child never be born at all? Will could have a new life again. Without the physical evidence of Hannibal inside him. His spectre would always be there. But at least he would have a chance. He didn't want to wish his curse on an innocent child either. Maybe it was better for everyone if it never happened….

A fresh wave of regret and guilt crashed into Will and he pushed his face into the plush pillows under him and beat at his belly again. Hate for it, hate for himself. Hate for everything. He hated it all. He wished he had never met Hannibal, or never went to Europe to look for him, never had let himself get close to him. Never felt anything at all for Hannibal. Not for the first time that week, he wished he were dead.

Will went looking for a drink.

Chapter End Notes

I don't think i intended for it, but Will seems much stabler since he has been attacked. Funny how murderous psychopaths seem to be Will's 'thing'.
I'm somewhat satisfied with this chapter but as always never fully.

As of now, Will's encounter with Francis Dolarhyde is one of tentative interest. In the show, Francis was off murdering in the three years Will was off. But Will being pregnant accelerated his becoming, and he's interested not just in Hannibal but also Will and his potential as a Woman Clothed in Sun.

I read up on that series of Blayke's paintings and the passages he was inspired from and boy oh boy was i inspired too. Suffice to say there's gonna be some creepy shit. I'm not really capable of the level of Bryan Fuller, but its pretty creepy to me.

Me Tumbles

The Insemination Chapter

Chapter Summary

Flashback Friday <3

Will does not ever forget any moment he has with Hannibal, not since BSCHI.

And some sweet memories are bitter with regret, shame and grief.

Chapter Notes

I legit have this saved as 'the insemination' chapter despite it being a cream pie insemination and not artificial.

I mean this an Alpha/Omega thing between two men, how inseminated can you get?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The marble floors made sounds louder than they were. The echoes seemed to chase them as they entered and stepped further into the posh apartment. But the steps of the two men were almost silent in the empty house and they were equally silent with each other. Will stood by the window looking down over a tasteful view of the river by Hannibal’s safe house. Though

it might not be safe much longer if Pazzi were any indication of how close Mason was getting. Hannibal was playing such a dangerous game to lure Will to him. He wonders if now that they were together, if he would kill him or disappear with him. He wondered again at Hannibal as he had been wondering for the months he was recuperating, wondered as he travelled looking for him. He was still almost as unfathomable as ever despite pushing back the curtains of his childhood, to find what made Hannibal become himself. He was only ever clearer when Will was with him – in that moment in the gallery, he finally saw him clearly as they gazed across the small space of the leather bench. And Will's heart clenched at what his instinct told him to, as they bent towards each other to kiss.

Hannibal handed him a tumbler of whiskey, something sweeter than he was used to but still somehow whiskey and gestured for him to sit in a plush seat. He wordlessly sat, as Hannibal opened a medical kit on the table by the chair in the light of a small lamp by Will's shoulder, and said, "Let's take a look at those."

Hannibal reached for Will's face, as if to take him closer and kiss him as he did before, but he instead reached to examine Will's cuts and the damage done to him in Chiyoh's fit of rage. Maybe he should have just asked her where Hannibal was instead of trying to manipulate her into it. But he had underestimated her own capacity for the Game. He should have expected it, given anyone that had encountered Hannibal for long enough developed a skill for it. An adaptation to survive him perhaps.

Hannibal's face was so close to his that he found himself breathless. The sureness of a surgeon's hands and the precision of both that and a killer, cleaning and tending to the red marks on Will's temple. It felt reminiscent of a long time ago; when Hannibal has been nursing Will's dark self. And Will has killed his first man, with the intention to kill and maim. Will could see that Hannibal was as breathless as he was, but he held himself so confidently that Will found himself jealous. This man who had gone through life with each struggle with a degree of control better and better with each passing year until he had mastered humanity and made it seem effortless and almost an art. Most definitely an art, judging by the way he displayed most of the humanity that irked him.

Hannibal had the good grace to avoid Will's eyes, for once the one avoiding eyes, as he gave attention to Will's injuries as a good excuse to not be distracted. A slight smile was on his lips, for he could not help himself. Here Will was, no atrocious aftershave, smelling entirely of him. Clean sweat, no sickness, a tinge of blood – and Hannibal wondered how he would taste. He had not been in the right mood last he left Will bleeding. Heartbroken as he was, he focused only on his next move. One foot in front of the other. But now here Will was, in his full glory. Finally, reaching the potential he always had within him. Slightly bloodied, slightly groomed in that casual way he always did. And following his instincts at last instead of denying its existence even in the best of times, ever since he had doubted himself during Garret Jacob Hobbs.

"As much as I would lament covering your beautiful face with gauze and bandage, it still would have been the wisest course of action I would have recommended you as your doctor."

"I didn't exactly have the time or the energy to, walking down a railway track in the dark to track down my luggage… Had to find clothes to be in to be presentable."

“I would have loved to have seen you in any way you presented yourself.” Hannibal smiled.

“I was in my pyjamas and a coat so no, I wouldn’t like to have presented that way.” Will sighed. “Would have thought someone like you would pay more attention to presentation.”

Hannibal laughed. “Yes, ordinarily I would. But with you, I don’t think it would affect anything.” Will felt heat in his chest but ignored in favour of examining Hannibal’s genuine laughter. It was so unusual he found himself wanting it more.

“Did you mean it?” Will asked. The question taking them both off-guard. Hannibal supposed it was in relation to the kiss they had briefly shared. Such a tender brush of lips, wet and warm that sought more before they had parted. The question was not unexpected given that they had never crossed that threshold. Hannibal had always wanted Will in every way. But he was amenable to this only if Will was. Given that the first step was turning Will into his killer glory, it seemed reasonable to forego sexual interests. Still, Hannibal knew what the question meant; the kiss, the discussion in the gallery – what it meant to them, what it means for them now.

“Yes.” He answered unwaveringly. Will took a shuddering breath, as Hannibal looked into his soul. Will gulped and looked at his hands, still clutching the now warm whiskey. Soft fingers curled under his chin, and Will looked up in surprise before being taken even more by surprise by Hannibal’s lips engulfing his own. And because his mouth was already open, Hannibal’s tongue snaked into the warm cavern, and Will moaned something improper at the sensation. His eyes slipped shut and he would have dropped the glass in his hand, had Hannibal not deftly caught it and placed it on the side table without breaking from the kiss.

Will felt the fire in his belly ignite; with lust, desire and a keen pleasure for life. It was wet with unanswered tension and bitter with the tang of blood on lips. Hannibal took Will’s head in his hand, fingers grasping at the soft hair, his thumb grazing the delicate shell of his ear and relished the moan that escaped Will. Will felt Hannibal pushing his legs apart and placing himself between them, and his dick twitched, surprising him entirely. He had never felt such attraction to Hannibal, or anyone. Will found himself questioning everything he thought he knew. Who he was, what he was doing and if he really knew what he was getting into. Hannibal pressed Will backwards into the chair, now the kiss engulfing them both as Hannibal greedily wolfed down Will’s mouth, reaching in and forcing more moans of pleasure from Will. No more pain, just pleasure. Will corrected his knowledge – that if there was anything Hannibal desired, Will knew that it was him, and it pleased him greatly. To know he was wanted, to know what Hannibal saw in him, and to know his unfathomable pull towards Hannibal was mutual.

Will was practically pressed into the chair, sliding down till his hips and his balls tucked away in his pants was pressing into Hannibal’s belly. And he was moaning like a virgin. Will felt his body light on fire as Hannibal’s hands wandered further downwards, caressing his neck, down his back, around his waist and gripping his thigh. Will groaned and broke the kiss with a gasp. He stared at Hannibal breathlessly, seeing the same hunger and awe in Hannibal’s eyes reflecting back into his own. These emotions were both his and Hannibal’s. There was no lie in his eyes or his own. Will gasped when Hannibal plunged into his neck, kissing, licking and sucking until Will hardened completely.

“Hannibal…” Will gasped. “What are we doing…?” Will grunted in pain, as Hannibal nipped at his gland, making his dick twitch traitorously at what Hannibal was doing, sucking a mark into his neck - not a mating bite but it was implied.

I want you to be mine.

And he was shocked to find he wanted it too.

“What we have always needed to do.” Hannibal answered. Before he knew it, Will was swept up and taken to Hannibal’s obnoxious Italian upholstered bed. And Will would have rolled his eyes at how much of a cliché and a princess he was being treated to at the moment, if he had the presence of mind to. As it was, Wills’ heart was pounding harder than it had when he was bleeding out in that fateful kitchen. Hannibal engulfed him again, tearing at his clothes, ripping his shirt off him and undressing himself hastily. Will was boneless against the sheets, staring at Hannibal’s body.

“Hannibal, I…” Will sputtered. Hannibal shushed him, pressing his lips to his nipples and dining on the buds of Will’s chest.

“No more words. Just us, Will. Where we belong.” Hannibal breathed on him. Will gasped again and again, as Hannibal moved lower and lower and arched into a large breath when he felt Hannibal taking his dick into his mouth. At a corner of his mind, Will reminded himself that this required a lot of trust on his part; a cannibal sucking his dick. But at this point Will’s mind finally shut off. Finally letting himself be free of everything and everyone. No more voices of killers, no more morality, no more guilt and pain. Will palmed and pulled at Hannibal’s messy hair, more delicious sounds ripped from him.

When Hannibal finally got to his ass, Will was a mess of tears and slick. Calling out Hannibal’s name. He felt like he was drifting further and further away. He was everywhere and nowhere. He could not be angry at himself, when Hannibal pressed into that spot inside him, at how weak he was being. How omegan. But Hannibal never mentioned it not once in their time together. Will was always defined by his empathy and compassion. His intelligence and beauty. And Hannibal worshipped, laying himself naked at this altar of perfection. Not even when Will begged for Hannibal to fuck him, he could not deny him.

This was the moment of glorious rapture. This was what he had dreamed of. Hannibal pressed into Will and shuddered out words of praise.

Oh Will, you’re so beautiful.

Will.

My love.

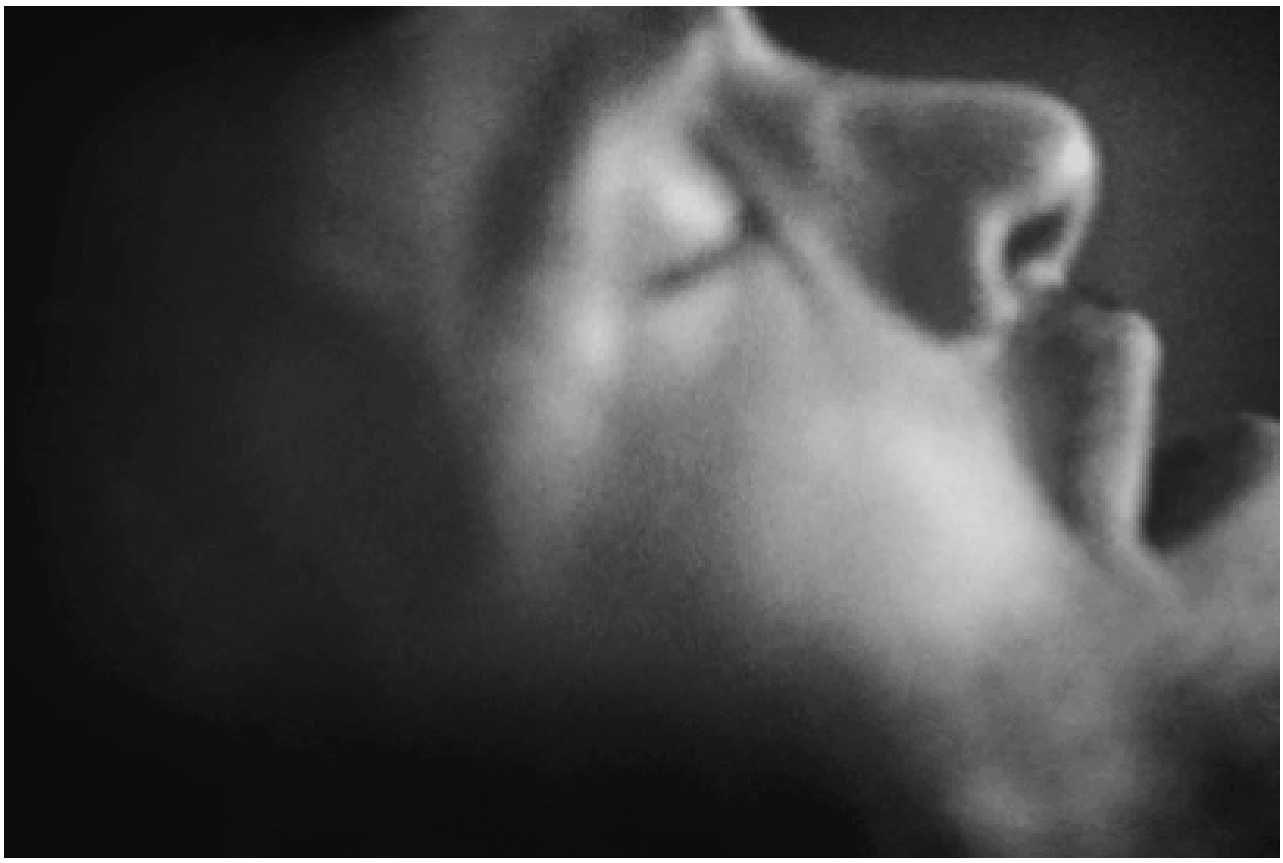
Will.

My own.

With each thrust, Hannibal pressed kisses of Will's name into his neck, licking at the delicious scent that hid from him and then was used to seduce him. He wanted to bite into it, claim Will, make him officially biologically his. But Hannibal refused himself, knowing this was not the right moment. Hannibal was deep and gentle inside Will, and he wanted him so badly, he was nearly exploding with joy and self-restraint. Will, here with him. Finally, reborn. Will, under him and wrapped around him, calling for Hannibal after he had left them both broken. Finally. Finally. At long last. Will was so perfect and warm around him, clutching at his back, squeezing his cock tight and wet. He was so delicious. And Hannibal was seeping with happiness at finally consuming Will. Without damaging him that is. The ache that had been bothering him throughout his stay in Europe had finally soothed and was replaced by a thunderous rapture of joy and reunion. All that agony over how to forgive Will, but when it came to it, Hannibal realised he needed Will alive at all costs. To edify, to protect and to hold.

The pace changed when Will cried out, telling Hannibal he was near. All of a sudden Hannibal was driving into him with a staccato beat of harsh notes, and Will answered with a symphony of surprised pleasured moans and gasps. Will felt like he was exploding with pleasure, never had this been so intense or perfect. He was in sync with Hannibal and Hannibal was perfect for him. He had never felt more alive, radiating with pleasure he was crying out, it was just the right side of too much. He grasped Hannibal's face in his hands, trying his best to hold himself separate from him, lest they join. There was a keen fear where Will's body instinctively knew the pleasure was too much and tried to flee. But Hannibal grasped his wrists and pressed them into the bed, sinking deeper and deeper into Will with each thrust, trapping him, pressing into that touch within him that had Will screaming and wincing in pleasure. His eyes shut and he burst into pieces. Feeling Hannibal inside him, all around him, whispering to him, telling him how beautiful he was. Feeling his teeth grazing at his mating gland and he moaned sharply. Hannibal nosed into Will's neck, instincts and heart screaming at him to claim, but instead bit into his throat, letting the blood slide down his tongue as he grunted sharply, releasing his load into Will, again and again, the knot ripping Will open and locking them together at last. Will sighed, a breath of such contentment it was almost obscene.

"My Will… Mine…" Hannibal sighed, kissing Will's eyelids, his cheeks, his face slack with exhaustion. And Will weakly reached up to tug Hannibal's neck to him, nuzzling in Hannibal's mating gland, scenting him unconsciously as Hannibal smirked. He collapsed unto Will's side, tucking him into his body and bringing him under his protection. This was theirs. Now and always. Their legs were a tangle of warm skin that felt right. Hannibal's knot pulsed and pumped warmth into him. Will could not know what had happened was a mistake or not. All he knew was that he and Hannibal were one and could be more if he allowed it. He was undergoing a change that he knew should frighten him, but it exhilarated him. In Hannibal's arms, he was safe, he was free and if he allowed it, he could unleash a beast of both him and Hannibal unto the world that would be glorious and terrible. For now, he was happy, more than anything he had felt in a long time.



Chapter End Notes

And just in case you needed visual aids to what was happening :P

Welcome to another episode of: I Don't Know What I'm Doing

I wrote this a long time ago probably when i posted and wrote chapter one.

Another day in the "I had dirty thoughts of Hannigram and channelled it into writing."

I'm unsure if this flashback has any relevance at all to the story. I'm not sure if it makes you like Hannibal more or less. I just wanted to let you know my thirsty heart aches for these idiots.

On a serious note, its important to see Will's conflictedness comes from not only a mental but physical place, because here he actually fucks his former therapist and that really affected him because he is connected to Hannibal in a way that goes beyond physical and now it has real consequences he is unable to deal with.

What i'm trying to say really badly is that Will was on a journey of self-discovery - he discovered that he loves Hannibal and he loves him back. He hates that he loves him and hates that he likes being loved by him. He regrets his one night stand with him and now

he's angry at himself and Hannibal because he's pregnant and boy does that make him wanna say 'fuck'. And to top it all off, there's a really dangerous Dragon dude that is also trying to figure them out that is stressing Will out on top his current issues - who also is hating himself 10000 for wanting to abort his baby, but wanting to because it will at least let him have the illusion of being free from Hannibal. And what's worse is that Will knows how dark he's come and how he's alike to Hannibal. How easy it could have been to accept him. But now, he knows more than ever he is not ready for this child with Hannibal because he's not even ready to accept their love.

Angry boi, sad boi, WIll is very very fucked up right now and its very easy to be suicidal.

Me Tumbles

End Notes

Hey! Hope you enjoying this and...i'll probably not update this cos its still in development

But thanks for reading and kudo and subscribe :D

Me Tumbles

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